

ACME

MAY 25, 1968, THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

# ROLLING STONE

New Beatles Album; Ringo Snubs Queen  
\$50,000 Missing in Monterey . . . Bob Dylan's Nashville



BARON WOLMAN



# ROLLING STONE

MAY 25, 1968  
VOL. II, No. 1  
(WHOLE No. 1)  
THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

## Monterey Festival Done In; \$52,000 Is Missing

BY MICHAEL LYDON

The affairs of the Monterey Pop Festival, always a bit confused, are again in a familiar mess. After a bitter fight this year's event has been cancelled, \$52,000 has allegedly been embezzled from last year's profits, and the Attorney General of the State of California is investigating the use of what's left of those profits.

It's been a hard spring for Festival directors Lou Adler and John Phillips, who began it being hounded as corrupters of youth by the outraged Monterey bourgeoisie, and are now being hounded by the Attorney General while they themselves hound their former bookkeeper.

The Monterey hounds finally got their meat. The city's anti-festival group could not in the end force the County Fair-ground's Board to ban the Festival, but it did succeed in hedging it around with fatally stringent demands. Among them were the demand that the Festival take out an enormous insurance policy for the city of Monterey protecting them from false arrest suits (a provision that would have, in effect, given the cops a carte blanche billy-club); that the Festival post a huge bond for all sorts of virtually unheard of damages to the city; that the Festival, under threat of police action, shut off the shows and amplification before 1:00 a.m. on Friday and Saturday nights, and before midnight Sunday; that the Festival conduct religious services at the Festival; that campgrounds be set up for visitors, segregated by sex. The city also demanded such things as money towards anti-narcotics drives and other bizarre schemes.

Adler and Phillips in the end decided that so restricted a Festival was no Festival at all and they gracefully retreated, cancelling all plans for this year.

"But I wouldn't say that we'll never try to put on another Festival somewhere, sometime," Adler said last week.

Problem Number Two is the alleged actions of Mrs. Sandra Beebe, a 39-year old, five-foot, five-inch, 180-pound bleach-blonde who was hired as the Festival's bookkeeper by business manager Phil Turetsky a few days after last year's Festival closed.

Adler says he has several cancelled checks that Mrs. Beebe signed and made out to a man believed to be her husband. They total \$52,000. Though they are over four months old, Adler had to fight the bank to get the checks so he could give them to the L. A. District Attorney's office. Investigator Don Schleiter said, "I have no evidence of positive guilt and have no com-

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JOHNNY CASH BY BARON WOLMAN

## Country Tradition Goes to Heart Of Dylan Songs

BY JANN WENNER

For more than a year now, I have wanted to write something about country and western music. It is an idiom that is at the historical core of rock and roll (they called Elvis the "rockabilly") and has returned, with Bob Dylan's *John Wesley Harding*, to the spiritual core of contemporary rock and roll. Soon it will become a rock style with the forthcoming release of a new Byrds album now being recorded in Nashville. But there is something in it much deeper than fashion.

Country music has had a great hold on me for some time and, at the very least, I have had the opportunity of seeing both Flatt and Scruggs and Buck Owens and the Buckaroos in the last two months and in the last six months, seeing Johnny Cash twice. It explains a lot about where rock and roll is headed, musically and spiritually.

Johnny Cash, more than any other contemporary performer, is meaningful in a rock and roll context. At the end of the Newport Folk Festival in 1964, Cash, who has just finished a compelling set of story-telling songs gave his guitar to Bob Dylan, the traditional country singer's tribute to a fellow musician. They are both master singers, master story-tellers and master bluesmen. They share the same tradition, they are good friends, and the work of each can tell you about the work of the other.

Cash has recorded a number of Dylan songs "It Ain't Me Babe," "Mama (Daddy) You've Been on My Mind," and "Don't Think Twice It's Alright," which tune he later set to his own words, "Understand Your Man." And Cash once wrote and recorded a song called "Hardin Wouldn't Run," the story of the desperado John Wesley Hardin.

"Country music," says Cash, "is slow to jump on any trend, but we've been affected greatly by the sound of the Beatles and the lyric of Bob Dylan."

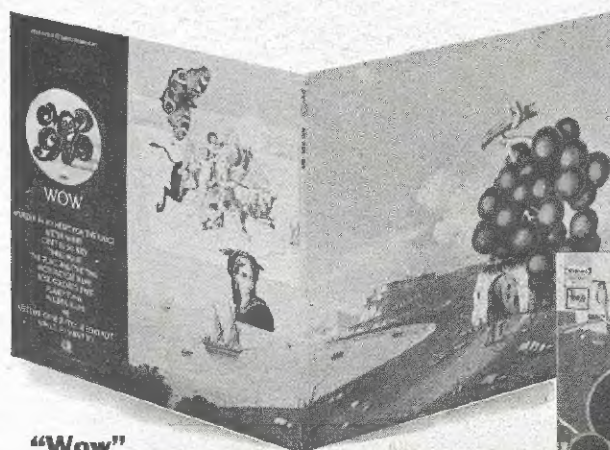
Cash's performance, his ability with a song, the intensity of his presence fully felt in his deep, luxurious voice, his passion, reaches—in precisely the same way as do Bob Dylan and Otis Redding—directly to the heart. He sings with such soulfulness, that he can transform any lyric he touches, including the most blatantly sentimental from the country tradition.

Johnny Cash was born in a shack in Arkansas in a family totally hit by the Great Depression. His father was a hobo. Cash himself nearly died of malnutrition before his mother stole some goatsmilk to nurse him. When he was five, Cash's family moved to the snake-infested delta farmland in Dyess, Arkansas, fifty

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# The Story of the New Moby Grape Album(s)



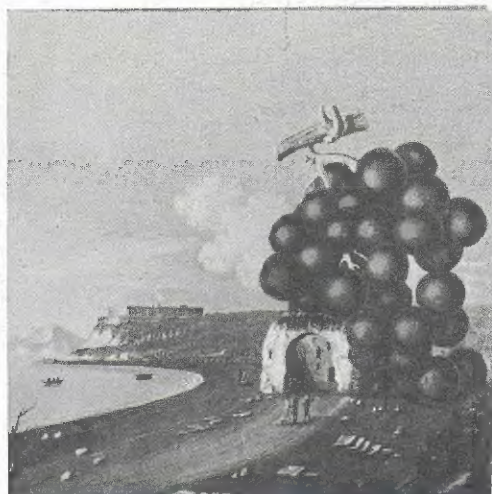
## "Wow"

(Which is "Mom" upside down.) This is real Moby Grape. Which doesn't mean there's ever any unreal Grape. But it's different from any other Moby Grape. If it can be, it's more serious and more fun. At the same time. "Naked If I Want To" (Can I/ Walk down your street/ Naked/ If I want to?). "Motorcycle Irene" (Super-powered, de-flowered, / Over-eighteen Irene). "Just Like Gene Autry; A Foxtrot" (Featuring Lou Waxman and His Orchestra, and Starring ARTHUR GODFREY, Banjo and Ukulele) (NOTE: This band is recorded at 78 R.P.M.).



## "Grape Jam"

These are jam sessions with The Grape (and other rock musicians sitting in). The music in this album just happened—at various odd hours all through the sessions for the "real" album. Just laying it down the way it happened—when the mood struck. Finding out again that music can be fun, and the fun can be shared...



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## The Package.

This has got to be one of the wildest jacket designs going. And it houses a fantastic music concept that's bigger than most 2-record sets. You can't buy "Wow"/"Grape Jam" separately. But when you get it (them?), you can separate them (it?) into two albums, so it looks like you have a whole Grape library.

**"Wow"/"Grape Jam" sells for only slightly more than a single album.  
The Sound of Moby Grape / On Columbia Records**



JIM MARSHALL



Another blow is struck against Prohibition: The man in the middle above with the joint hanging out of his mouth is San Francisco Police Department Sergeant Richard Bergess, lighting up on the steps of the Hall of Justice this last Easter Sunday at noon. Now Bergess is better known as "Sergeant Sunshine." Shortly after Bergess executed his previously announced act of defiance against police authorities, he was arrested by the head of the Narcotics Squad, stripped of his rank on the spot by the Chief of Police and released on bail to await trial.

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## CORRESPONDENCE, LOVE LETTERS & ADVICE

SIRS:

I am referring to your April 27, 1968 issue of ROLLING STONE and the interview with Mike Bloomfield.

Apparently he feels that he is an authority on all that is good and bad in the world of popular music. While I do not deny him the right to express his own personal opinions, I question his intelligence and integrity in "knocking" other artists. His lack of "coolness" is almost stupefying.

I find it hard to like performers who are personally obnoxious, no matter how good they are (or think they are). Bloomfield must really believe that he is the top blues artist in the world and an authority on all types of music. However, I have heard him and his group in person and I must admit I have heard groups which far surpass his in originality and musical talent. Maybe if he were informed of this fact he would think twice before he comments on the ability of others.

Despite the aforementioned article, I find your paper entertaining and informative.

MRS. BETTY GOLDEN  
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

SIRS:

I've done my best in trying to tolerate Ralph Gleason's conviction that contemporary music is either black or white, and that each should be performed by musicians of corresponding skin color. However, his May 11 ROLLING STONE article on the "white shuck" took me over the brink.

If we examine Ralph's complaint with white rhythm-and-blues musicians, we find that it's based on three assertions: 1) that R&B has black roots, and therefore whites who do it are inevitably imitations of the real thing ("The whole history of American music stands there to testify that it won't rub off"); 2) that whites often perform unoriginal material

which further prevents any self-expression ("Doing the top Stax-Volt or Motown numbers does not make it. Unless of course you are the original"); 3) that the white R&B musicians are making a mistake by not following the example of the San Francisco hippie-rockers, who are doing their proverbial own thing ("They are the first American musicians, aside from the country & western players, who are not trying to sound black.")

The first assertion would be worthy of respect if it were applied to some of the white soul artists around, but his all-embracing application serves only to reveal his ignorance on the subject. Ralph apparently would have us believe that Steve Cropper is among those trying unsuccessfully to sound black. Steve, a white man, is the guitarist for Booker T & the MG's and often performs at sessions with Sam and Dave, Eddie Floyd, and others. In addition, he is the writer and producer of numerous superb R&B sides on Stax-Volt, including "Dock of the Bay." Both Atlantic and Stax-Volt regularly use other funky whites behind their R&B artists.

Similarly, Motown frequently uses white musicians for studio sessions. However, they're reluctant to use whites at live gigs since there are still plenty of folks around who, like Ralph, would be convinced they're not hearing the real Motown sound upon seeing some whites on the stage. And if you'll pardon the hype, I find it significant that Sam Moore and Dave Prater (Sam & Dave) personally complimented the Loading Zone, whom I manage, on their heavy R&B sound. The Zone has no black members, save vocalist Linda Tillery.

If we are to take the second assertion seriously, then I'm afraid that Wilson Pickett, Aretha Franklin, and a host of others must hang their black heads in shame, for much of their recorded and live material is

unoriginal. Of course, the vital factor here is not originality in material, but honesty in interpretation and discretion in arrangement. All R&B musicians worth their salt, be they black or white, often adapt previously done material to fulfill their own needs of self-expression.

The third assertion staggers my imagination. The Electric Flag or the Loading Zone doing hippie-rock could pass for a Las Vegas comedy act, but nothing more. Ralph obviously doesn't realize that it's equally possible for some white musicians to be totally committed to R&B as for others to be on the hippie-rock trip.

My purpose is not to put Ralph down, for he's no doubt the finest flower-rock critic in the land. My point is merely that he should not extend himself into a music form of which he knows nothing, namely R&B.

RON BARNETT  
BERKELEY, CALIF.

SIRS:

Today's youth are for the most part troubled. On one side of them is a war and on the other side is a nine to five job staring them in the face. The blues, like it did for the Negro, takes them away from their troubles for the time being.

In a world where every thing is so unnatural, even too many people, the blues is something that is real. Buddy Guy's voice or the organ of Stevie Winwood. The blues is a basic form of honesty and in a world where this is lacking in so places this only makes the blues more important.

Even in groups like the Procol Harum, Love, the Doors and others that are not primarily blues groups we find forms and traces of the blues. These are the blues of today. They are presented to an audience that needs something that is real and a means of escape.

I myself dig the masters like Wa-

ters, King, etc. and feel that other groups are great also. People who dig these groups often get turned on to the real thing through them. I feel that it is important to see more groups using blues roots. The trouble seems to be that too many groups use them improperly. Blues is a way of life and I think it is important for people to find out about this music even if they do not learn it from the true blues artists.

SHELDON CANTOR  
BROOKLYN, N.Y.

SIRS:

Steve Miller's article on the British music scene has to be the biggest mistake I've ever read.

True, the charts (speaking of singles) are filled with some pretty bad stuff. Ever since Engelbert Humperdinck made it big with "Release Me," the chart lists have been overflowing with crud. Someone listening to the stuff hitting our charts would also become discouraged. With such gems as "Simon Says" making number one in the nation, you'd think we were all retarded.

The American groups that Miller mentions, with the exception of the Mothers, are good, and some are great. But with the exception of the Doors & the Airplane, they're all "underground" groups. They're groups you'd hear about by word-of-mouth and you'd buy their albums because they looked good or someone told you to.

Great, unmentioned-by-Miller groups in England are the BeeGees, Moody Blues, Tomorrow, Move, Hollies, Kinks, Small Faces, the list could be endless. These are some of the groups lucky enough to make it. And the blossoming wave of talent lies in a growing underground: Herd, Circus, Tickle, Groop, Kaleidoscope (not the U. S. group), Eire Apparent.

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## Blood Leaves Sweat & Tears

Less than a year after their formation and less than two months since their first record, Blood, Sweat and Tears has lost two of its major members: Al Kooper, who formed the band and was the lead singer, composer and arranger, left the group at the end of the last month, followed shortly in his departure by the leader of the horn section, Randy Becker. The timing was coincidental.

Kooper has said that the reason he left was disagreement over choice of material. "They wanted to do more of a jazz than a pop thing. They didn't want to go along with the repertoire I had selected and I didn't want to fight about it."

Becker left to join the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band, a big jazz band. Kooper, who said before he left BS&T that his next step would be into the production area, has been approached by several labels to do A&R work. Kooper says that after making a solo album to fulfill his contract with Columbia Records, he will join the A&R staff at Columbia in New York and specialize in "underground type" artists.

## KMPX Strike Drags On and On

Quickly, the latest on the knocked-down, dragged-out seven-week old strike at KMPX, the San Francisco "progressive rock" FM station:

Ex-all-night DJ Larry Miller, who was fired before the walk-out, then offered the KMPX program directorship last month, then refused and threw his support to the strikers, then scabbed and went on the air, then quit with slaps at both sides, is back again. He is permanent (so far) program director, replacing Tom Donahue, a key figure in the strike.

KMPX, on the air, is carrying advertising again, despite previ-

ously-successful attempts by strikers to keep sponsors away from both struck stations. However, the few sponsors now on the air, are new ones and not the pre-strike time-buyers.

And negotiations continue, albeit half-heartedly. Management seems content with Miller, a new sales staff, regular announcers, and ads; strikers, though claiming the stations are "seriously crippled without us," are looking around for other area stations interested in adopting them and the "underground" format KMPX pioneered.

"Donahue," says station manager Ron Hunt, "is not coming under any circumstances."

Since leaving the band, Kooper has recorded some sides with Jimi Hendrix, gigged and recorded with the Paul Butterfield Band, and started thinking about his next album, which will be something along the lines of an "eastern Van Dyke Parks."

## Ringo Stands Up The Queen

The Beatles have refused to entertain the Queen of England at the London Palladium on May 13 in a show organized by a British Olympic Appeal Fund drive for the British Team at the

Olympics in Mexico. Ringo was quoted as saying "It's better to say no to all than yes to one and no to 99 others. Our decision would be the same whatever the cause."

## A Soul Tribute to Otis

Arthur Conley, "soul protege" of the late Otis Redding, has recorded a musical tribute to his mentor, but it will not be released as a single. "I want to tell the world just how much I admired and loved Otis. But I want to hide it right in the middle of next LP [which will be produced by Tom Dowd, vice president of Atlantic Records], so fans will realize it's just something I had

to get off my chest," says Conley, who owed his discovery to Otis.

He added, "I want to try and follow in his footsteps by trying to help others. It is my ambition to one day go looking for some of the talent — the great talent — that so often never gets to the surface because it doesn't get the chance. I want to find these artists and record them and produce them."

## Rejoice Signs With Equinox

Rejoice, a San Francisco group in existence for only a few months, has signed a contract with Equinox Records (ABC/Paramount) and has recorded a single record. The contract guarantees virtually complete artistic control to the artists, and Terry Melcher, producer of the first Byrds' records, is coming to San Francisco to supervise production of the Rejoice album.

The single, "Golden Gate Park" b/w "Carbonitzer" (described as a love song, despite its title) is scheduled for early

release. Rejoice consists of Tom Brown and Nancy Shelton, the one-time folk duo Brown and Shelton, with the addition of Dick Conte on organ and Mike Moore on drums.

Melcher has contracted separately for Tom Brown's services as a songwriter. Tom's songs will be published by Egg, the American affiliate of Apple. Meanwhile, Rejoice continues to appear at the Lion's Share in Sausalito, and will be in the stage lineup for the Hell's Angels Dance on May 15 at the Carousel.



## RINGO CAUGHT ON POOL TABLE

Ringo Starr plays Emmanuel, the Mexican gardener, in the forthcoming film of Candy. Emmanuel (Ringo), whose only hassle in life is his three domineering sisters, is clipping a rosebush one day when a drunken poet, McPhisto (Richard Burton), and an innocent/sexy All-American Girl, Candy (Ewa Aulin), arrive in the poet's car (chauffeured by Sugar Ray Robinson) soaking wet with booze. They go indoors to take off their wet things, and Emmanuel, misunderstanding Candy's request to put up the ironing board, gets into a scandalous circumstance on the billiard table. When Emmanuel's sisters get wind of it, they arrive on motorbikes to demand that Candy save their brother's honor by marrying him.

Ringo had the droopy mustache for the part already. His trouble, he said, was growing the Mexican accent—which his friends say he has not yet shed.



LO: pff, pff...

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## Aretha Brings Soul to Old World

Aretha Franklin gave the first concert of her first European tour at 8 p.m. on April 23 at the Concertgebouw in Rotterdam, Holland—and followed it up with a midnight show in Amsterdam the same night. Engagements in Germany, Switzerland, France and Sweden are also on her itinerary.

Shortly before her departure for the Continent, Miss Franklin

signed a new contract with her recording company, Atlantic Records. Details of the agreement were not available, but an Atlantic spokesman said the singer, whose *Lady Soul* is well on its way to becoming her second million-selling LP, will receive "one of the largest guarantees ever given to only recording star." That deserves some respect.

## This man has talent.....



One day he sang his songs to a tape recorder (borrowed from the man next door). In his neatest handwriting he wrote an explanatory note (giving his name and address) and, remembering to enclose a picture

of himself, sent the tape, letter and photograph to Apple music, 94 Baker Street, London, W.1. If you were thinking of doing the same thing yourself—do it now! This man now owns a Bentley!

## Songs from India on New Beatle LP

The Beatles will go into the recording studio at the end of this month to start work on a new album and possibly some singles. John Lennon and Paul McCartney have followed Ringo back to Britain, with thirty new songs composed during their stay at Maharishi Mahesh Yogi's ashram in Rishikesh, India. The music has no direct bearing on the group's stay with the great sage, except insofar as the Himalayan retreat is, according to Paul McCartney, "an ideal place to compose."

Ideal it must have been, because not only has George Harrison written a few songs, but even Ringo now has one to his credit. But it is not likely that all these songs will be recorded. George remained in India a few days longer than his musical partners, in order to make a brief appearance in the semi-documentary Ravi Shankar film being done in Madras. Lennon and Harrison, who stayed in

Rishikesh longest of any of the Beatles, cut short their visit when an American camera crew arrived to film jazzman Paul Horn's Maharishi movie, *The Great Sage*. None of the Beatles stayed long enough to complete the three-month course that would have qualified them as student teachers of meditation.

Now that they are back in England, says press officer Tony Barrow, the four will get together and make some decisions on their third feature film, "which will definitely start this summer."

The Beatles' corporate enterprise, Apple, has been advertising in British trade publications for songwriters to send their tapes of their material, with photos of themselves, to Apple music, 94 Baker Street, London, W.1. Paul McCartney has explained that the idea is to create a sort of talent headquarters to help unknowns who have so far not had the right breaks.

## Bar-Kays Rise Like Phoenix

The Bar-Kays have reconstituted themselves after the tragic plane crash of December 10 that took the lives of four of their members. This was the same crash that put an end to the career of rhythm and blues great Otis Redding. Ben Cauley, the only survivor of the accident, and James Alexander, who had the good fortune to have missed the plane, have kept the name Bar-Kays and added four new members. The new men are all in their teens, except for Roy Cunningham, 20, whose brother Carl was a victim of the crash.

The revitalized group appeared for the first time in public at a

benefit held in March for the Goodwill Boys Club of Memphis, which was further enlivened by the presence of Booker T., Carla Thomas and Sam the Sham. In the course of the show a Gold Record representing one million sales of Otis Redding's last record, "The Dock of the Bay," was presented to Otis' widow, Mrs. Zelma Redding, amid a standing ovation.

Meanwhile, the original Bar-Kays recording of "Soulfinger" is reported to be *numero uno* on the pop charts in Spain, and the new Bar-Kays have issued a revival of the old Beatles hit, "Hard Day's Night," which could well be a hit in Spain too.



## POP STAPLES AT THE FILLMORE: 'WORLD'S IN A BAD CONDITION'

BY CHARLES PERRY

Saturday night at the Fillmore. An act has just finished its set and is packing off stage. The liquid light-show subsides into blobs and bubbles, then fades and is replaced by multiple views of rural Negro churches, Byzantine Christs, hands folded for prayer and clenched into fists. A little procession files onstage through the stacked amplifiers and speakers, a young man, two young ladies in green gowns and silver pumps, and a cotton-haired older man carrying a guitar. They plug in their lone little 120-watt amp (turned only to half-volume) and start to sing before the assembly of Fillmore people, a gospel song about how this old world's going to change.

The Fillmore audience, accustomed to being overwhelmed by the band on stage, begins to realize it is being called on to participate. Handclapping breaks out here and there. The young lady who is the lead singer goes down onto the ballroom floor. "Help me, Jesus," she sings in a vibrant contralto voice.

"Can I hear you sing Amen, Amen," she asks of the seated crowd, shaking hands and encouraging their owners to rise. One by one people are being struck by the spirit, and by the end of the set the whole crowd is on its feet, swaying and clapping, and makes a thunderous demand for more after the last number.

It took Bill Graham a year of dickering with the Ashley Famous Agency to get the Staple Singers (patriarch Roebuck Staples with daughters Cleo and Mavis and son Pervis) to play the Fillmore Auditorium. Pop Staples is church people and he had a lingering suspicion that the Fillmore was some sort of bar.

"Our music has a message, a strong meaning," he says, "and we want to take it where people will listen." He is very happy about his young audience. "These children out there are responding, they can feel it. There's a strong vibration from an act of gospel. We don't play for dances, you know, but what they were doing out there is a dance of joy, like shouting in church. They holler. These children get a hard time, they get a bad name, you know. We feel very close to them."

Pop's acquaintance with the alienated youth of white society goes back to the early '60s. He had pioneered the use of electric guitar in gospel music in the '50s, at the same time that many American students were turning on to folk music. The white folk-blues guitarist of that age felt very out of place in the society he had been raised to join, and his music was as much a declaration of independence and of solidarity with the common people as it was art. It was orthodox to be loyal to antique rural blues picked on acoustic guitar, just

as it was second nature to think of amplified guitar only as part of Elvis Presley's costume.

Pop's musical credentials, however, were superb; the stateliness of the Negro spiritual was there in a seamless unity with the excitement of blues and gospel music. Pop's plain, sweet musical style and poetic use of reverberation opened the minds of many guitarists to the possibilities of electronic instruments. One was Sandy Bull, who included in his first album a memorable blues fantasia on "Good News" (the same Staples tune that Ray Charles used for his own song "I Got a Woman"). Another was Bob Dylan. Pop remembers many an evening spent in music and talk with the then unknown young folksinger. The Staples' today often sing "Hard Rain's Gonna Fall" and "John Brown," an anti-war song Bob wrote for them in 1962.

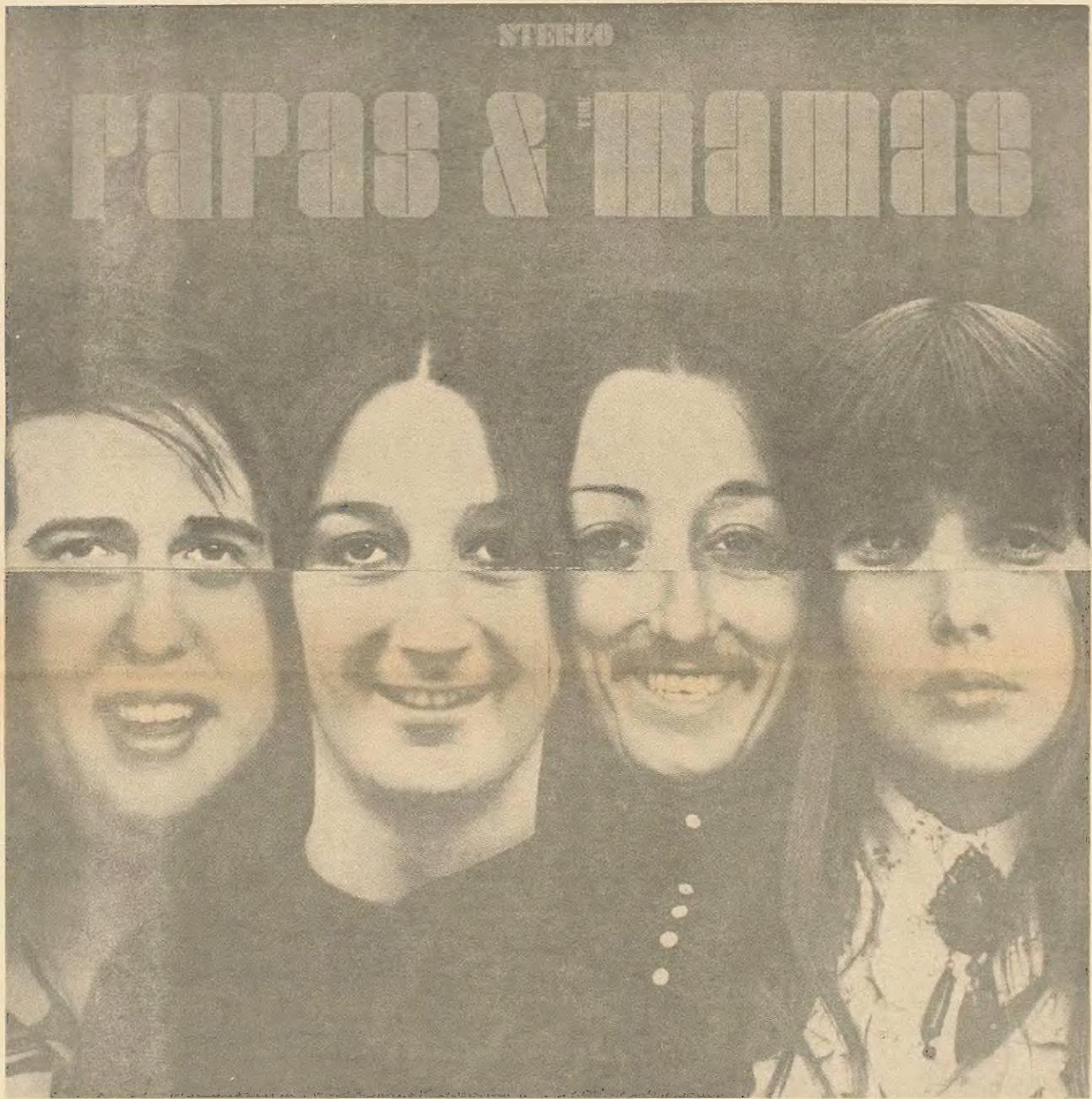
Pop—born Roebuck Staples—grew up in Drew, Mississippi. Drew lies between the Sunflower and Yazoo rivers, in the heart of the Mississippi Delta country where many of the great bluesmen lived and where the strongest roots of Chicago blues are to be traced. Drew is about twenty-five crow-miles from Avalon, John Hurt's home, and about the same from Itta Benz, where B. B. King grew up. Parchman Farm, known from the song of the same name and also for being the prison where the Freedom Riders were held in 1961, gets its mail routed through Drew.

This is blues country, then, and Pop says he "fooled around a bit" with the blues on a guitar when he was growing up. His religious scruples directed him away from secular music, however, although he admired Robert Johnson, Blind Lemon, and Big Bill Broonzy (all of whom he knew only through their records), just as he admires Wilson Pickett, Aretha Franklin, Cannonball Adderly, and Ray Charles today.

The Staples' have already decided to return to the Fillmore next fall and will play the Fillmore East in New York this summer. They hope to present gospel music to a wider audience than it has had—and not just their own music. They want people to hear the Swan Silvertones, the Soulstirrers, the Dixie Hummingbirds, and the Harmonettes.

"This music has a good effect on people, it's good for them," says Pop, looking around at the jingling throng gathered on the mezzanine of the Fillmore to get some coffee or strudel. "We want to play it everywhere. The world's in a bad condition, and it looks like it's getting worse. That song, 'Hard Rain's Gonna Fall,' that's about what could happen. It's like that other song says, and I think it's really a gospel song although I heard it on the radio—we've got to get together, we've got to love one another."



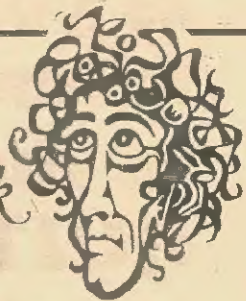


*Exclusively on*





## John J. Rock



JANIS JOPLIN is going to be the next look in women's styles. She has already been photographed for a number of fashion magazines, and other "fashionable" publications have taken an interest in Janis as her popularity becomes more and more powerful. What may be longer lasting than fashion is another byproduct of her intense performing relationship with male audiences, as when she sings "Ball and Chain." Psychiatrists will look into the empty eyes of strong-men-become-weak and whisper knowingly "The Joplin Syndrome."

The Boys in the Band—Big Brother and the Holding Company—are really getting it together behind her. At a benefit for the Straight Theatre, they laid down a tight wall of rhythm behind her with tasty solo work and a secure understanding of how to back Janis. Bravo.

ROLLING STONE Bill Wyman has written and produced "Shades of Orange," a new single from a group called The End. He is also managing the group, which appears on the London label... Manfred Mann guitarist Klaus Voorman is the same Voorman who did the Beatles' *Revolver* cover... JEFFERSON AIRPLANE has done a short promotional TV film shot at the Carousel Ballroom with the group running around in circles holding hands... The FREE SPIRITS played a gig inside the Metropolitan Museum of Art (the first band to do this) in New York City, for the opening night of a "Visionary Architects" exhibit... Lee Michaels is scoring a Los Angeles little theatre production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*... The Mothers have finally left New York and returned to Los Angeles, their home.

BLUES NEWS: Elvin Bishop has left the Butterfield Band for good. Elvin is now in the Bay Area, looking for a house in San Francisco, and looking for musicians for a new band.

The Electric Flag is a very unsettled band at the moment. Tenorist Peter Strassa has left the group and is now in Los Angeles working with former Flag organist Barry Goldberg's new band. This is not the last personnel shake-up that will take place in the Flag.

Albert King had a birthday party at the Fillmore Auditorium during his gig there at the end of April. Naturally, he's a Taurus.

MILL VALLEY, by the way is San Francisco's answer to Topanga Canyon in Los Angeles. Big Brother and the remains of the Blues Project have moved there; Quicksilver Messenger Service and many other local bands have houses there; Mike Bloomfield plus past and present members of the Electric Flag are ensconced in the hills; and H. P. Lovecraft has moved all the way from Chicago to take up residence there. Moby Grape, of course, always headquartered there; and a dozen other lesser known groups also enjoy Marvelous Marin County.

HAVE YOU EVER heard the songs of the legendary Blind Boy Grunt (Broadside Record #302)? Sounds a lot like Roosevelt Gook.

PURELY SPECULATIVE, BUT the Mayor of San Francisco has asked Bill Graham to consider organizing a Pop Festival for San Francisco, since the Monterey one has gone down the tubes. Of course, San Francisco is the ideal place to have one—and one which could be brought off easily, but, as Bill sees it, there's little point to doing it unless it can be a collection of the real heavies in the rock and roll world. "There's nothing new about the Cream, Hendrix, the Airplane, Butter and the Who all in one weekend," says Graham. "We've already seen it happen a dozen times. We'll need a few of the big ones if I'll do at all."

NARCOTICS AGENTS and members of the San Francisco Police Department are again putting pressure on the local ballrooms—the Fillmore, the Avalon, the Carousel. A pair of plainclothes Narcos have been making regular undercover visits to the Fillmore-Winterland scene every week and regular cops have been spending their weekend evenings taking down names of people under 18 year old. With another summer coming up, police want to make things as tight as possible.

FURTHER LINER NOTES: Soupy Sales (he threw pies on television) has signed with Motown... New York's WOR-FM has been a great success since Bill Drake took it over and threw out Murray the K. It now has double the audience of WNEW-FM (the nominal "progressive rock" station in New York) and even beats out WMCA-AM during prime evening time... The Who have recorded a live album at the Fillmore East and are currently dickering with a British television company for their own series. (The John J. Rock Special Item this week is that Peter Townshend may soon get married.) That's all folks.



## JERRY RAGAVOY: ONE OF THE BEST NEW R & B PRODUCERS

BY SUE CLARK

Philadelphia's Jerry Ragavoy is one of the top Rhythm and Blues producers (Miriam Makeba's "Pata Pata"; The Staple Singers' "Let's Get Together"; Roy Redmond's "Good Day Sunshine" [yes—the Lennon/McCartney song!]; Howard Tate, Lorraine Ellison et al.) in today's market. He not only produces but also writes, arranges and publishes many of the songs his artists record, and he has just completed building his own 8-track studio (The Hit Factory) of which he proudly states, "I own it all by myself—no partners!"

Though it may not be unusual for someone who is not a Negro to produce R&B, Jerry's special feel for the "Soul Sound" got to the Rolling Stones who recorded his "Time Is On My Side," which he wrote under the pseudonym Norman Meade. ("I made it up one day, and I hated it! But I did it because of the difficulty in submitting material, as I was already known as a producer.")

Jerry got interested in R&B "more by accident than on purpose. I got a job when I was about 18 or 19 in a record shop. It happened to be a strictly Negro area and for 4 years I heard nothing but pure R&B records. I didn't try actively to learn the idiom; I passively absorbed it, and it came out years later when I went to write an R&B song for the market. I was writing as if it were a natural thing for me."

He never had any formal music training, picking things up by ear ("I started playing piano all by myself at the tender age of 7 years old, and my mother thought I was another Mozart!").

Beginning his career as an arranger at Chancellor Records ("when Frankie Avalon and Fabian were very popular") he then became a full-time arranger commuting between New York and Philadelphia. ("I got interested in arranging simply because I thought the money might be good.")

The first record Jerry produced was in the early 60's with composer Teddy Darrell doing his own song "She Cried" ("not the version that finally made it as a BIG hit—but the song really flipped me").

During this period Jerry also began collaborating with the late and very talented Bert Berns, who used the pseudonym of Bert Russell on some of his songs. Bert had become a successful R&B writer/producer, and he and Jerry began a fantastic writing relationship! ("We hit it off great. I think that every song we wrote, with the exception of a couple, hit the charts, and even the couple that didn't make the charts made money in Europe. Generally, I wrote most of the music, maybe 80 percent of it. If you listen to the songs that Bert wrote without me, you will notice a tremendously difference musically. Bert was great with lines, and sometimes with lay-out contributions. "We wrote together—I'd come up with lyrics and he would too, you

know, and we'd feed off one another. Incidentally, Irma Franklin's "Take Another Piece of My Heart" was Bert's musical idea, the chorus part, and he also had the title. I wrote the front part of the music and some of the lyric.")

In selecting songs to be recorded for the artists he produces Jerry says, "The first thing you do is pull out the rosary beads and pray that something will either come in or you'll be blessed by divine inspiration to write something!" It's very difficult to find good R&B material from publishers ("I am always pleased when an artist writes because it takes a burden off of me").

When Warner Brothers' Moe Austin signed Miriam Makeba and asked Jerry to produce her first single for the company, Jerry was delighted. But then he thought, "Oh my God, what did I do? I mean what does one do with Makeba?" After listening to 60-70 songs and feeling none of them really suitable, he asked her to sing some African songs ("because whatever I'd heard of Miriam, she's always exciting presenting her own material"). After a quick meeting at Jerry's house with Miriam and some of her African friends who live in New York ("my tape recorder in the office was broken"), three songs were put together for the session.

After cutting "Pata Pata" Jerry said, "Truthfully, I didn't know whether it was a hit or not; all I knew was I could say 'I made a great record!' Miriam sounds like Miriam and that made me happy. As it worked out it's a hit."

Although Jerry's card states: Jerry Ragavoy, Artists and Repertoire East Coast ("Artists and Repertoire is like the couch I have in my office—1934 Modern"), he maintains the right to produce artists outside the company that he had under contract before he joined Warner Brothers/7 Arts as an exclusive producer.

The session with The Staple Singers was unusual because they are under contract to CBS, but went to Jerry at the recommendation of their manager. They had already selected the song "Let's Get Together" ("Roebuck Staples will not touch a 'you and me' song—nothing that suggests a personal relationship—I love you—you love me"; so the limitations on the material are fantastic").

As Jerry explains: "Roebuck was singing the song in sort of almost old-time John Lee Hooker fashion, which was a groove in itself, but I didn't feel it as a commercial entity. So I picked up the 'geetar' and said, 'Why don't we try it this way?' We all rephrased the song, I threw in some different chords and laid out a quick arrangement and went into the studio."

The idea of building his own studio came to Jerry in 1965 ("the only year I didn't have anything on the charts as a producer. All I had to carry me through the year was the Stones' "Time Is On My Side").

—Continued on Page 22



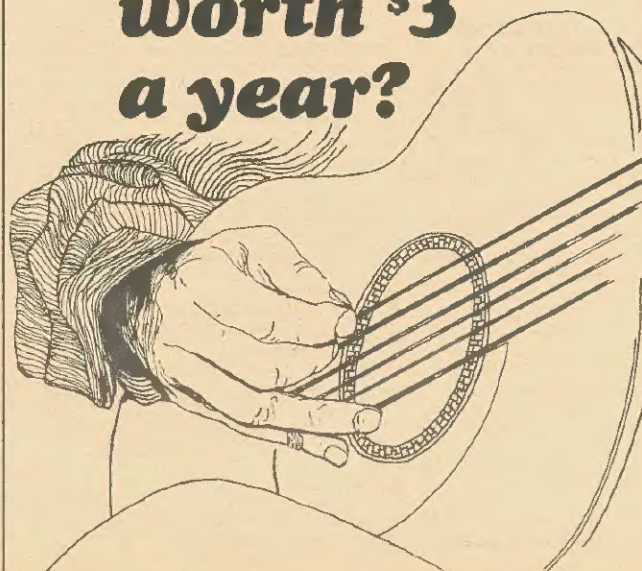
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# PERSPECTIVES: WHAT HAPPENED TO WHATSHISNAME?

BY RALPH J. GLEASON

The only thing more boring than the whole hassle about the Monterey Pop Festival is the Boston Sound (which we should never forget is characterized by its initials.) However, we have to deal with it and although I am aware that you never tie up the loose ends any more of anything, since the Now Generation means just that, I would still like to try.

To begin with, the Monterey Pop Festival has to be looked at in two stages. Part I leads up to the festival weekend and on through the time the Adler-Phillips group attempted to stage a second one. Part II deals with their failure and why.

In Part I, there was no victim. If a crime occurred, it was a crime without victims.

It was a great and groovy weekend, Hugh Masekela got booed, Canned heat should have gotten booed, and a lot of people did a lot of silly things, including "borrowing" some \$20,000 worth of audio equipment which had been rented by the Festival.

What was new was the strength of the whole thing. And the dichotomy of view that became apparent and which aligned L.A. against San Francisco. The Frisco freebies wanted a free fun festival. The L.A. bunch wanted a production. Both ended up having their own way, really, but when it was over, Adler and Phillips looked like villains.

I don't think they were. I do think they did dumb things and I do think they wasted bread, but who cares? No one, except one writer, ever thought Lou Adler was a hero figure. He's a record producer, basketball player and a nice, quiet-spoken pleasant guy when he wants to be. And Phillips is exactly like he is on stage.

But neither of them anticipated the tsuris of the festival, I'm sure. Everybody's ego trip ended up in a traffic jam. The hassle over the film. The hassle over the TV program.

When it was over, a lot of people thought they had been taken, except those artists who were strong armed into signing for the documentary or those artists who lent their names to the various lists of "directors." They were hyped because they didn't have a thing to do with it all.

But Adler and Phillips live in a star world where Derek Taylor's word-webs become reality for a while and where you don't have to tend to business because business is a bore.

So they went to Europe — they had to, I suspect, for precisely the reasons they said at the time—and they left a lot of unfinished business. People sent money for program books and never got them. Nobody contacted the people in Monterey, even to thank those who had been co-operative. It was bad public relations, to say the least. They didn't even seem to feel any explanation was owed the public for the non profit label and how the money was spent.

Now Stage II. The synthesis of adult public relation to grass, long hair and guitars (the overt behaviour concealing sexual envy and the rest) sprouted in Monterey spawned by the Birchites and fed by the Mayor's thwarted ego.

John and Lou tried to get back for a second shot. They were fighting the attack by those who screamed fraud within the hippie community, the problem of where's the money, and the problem of who it could or would be given to.

When John and Lou want something, they can work hard. They wanted back and they worked hard and they almost made it. But the counter attack, which might have been stemmed by some smart public relations months ago, was really too strong. A lot of people in Monterey helped but a lot more hated. And the net result, a contract with so many provisions that it was impossible to work with, defeated them.

In the process they were the victims (ah, at last a victim!) of prejudice, of political power plays (the fight over state subsidy of the county fairs in California swept them up) and the rest.

They walked away from it. But again, they didn't even bother to write a thank you to the people who had helped.

Then at the end, there was \$50,000 or so missing because of a bookkeeper. And the film was aborted and is now a student project at USC. So it's a mess, all around.

Charges of fraud are being hurled about. The State attorney general is screaming and idiotic things like \$15,000 for foreign travel (it ought to include The Who, Brian Jones and some others who came from England) are being questioned by the Attorney General and the State Senator who thought, according to one press conference, that the festival had paid for a Rolling Stones tour! It didn't do much good to tell him Jones and Andrew Loog Oldham are not the Stones.

So where are we now?

It was a ball and no one got hurt. It is not equatable with Chicago this summer where people may get killed.

One of the frightening things is how much hatred can be engendered in the name of love. Like the KMPX strike where the love image was a big thing until Larry Miller went back on the air and then a strike poster crucifying him blew that.

So it's crimes without victims. We know in our hearts that something went wrong with Monterey. But who got screwed? Who was the victim? All of us? In what way? I will never forget the weekend and neither will anyone I know who was there.

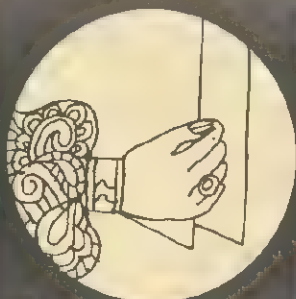
Again, it's like KMPX—the station will never be the same, it was of tremendous importance and it's over.

That's how it is with Monterey. It's over. Nothing will ever be the same and it doesn't make any difference if Lou Adler should have written letters or, for that matter, that he recorded Scott McKenzie's San Francisco flower song.

The thing I think is important is that Monterey showed the difference between Los Angeles and its lotus land dream and San Francisco and its rejection of that as well as the orthodox American dream. And the Monterey aftermath showed how passe New York is.

When the Jefferson Airplane first opened in New York, they played opposite the Paupers. The Paupers got the reviews, not the Airplane. So much for New York. What ever happened to the Paupers?

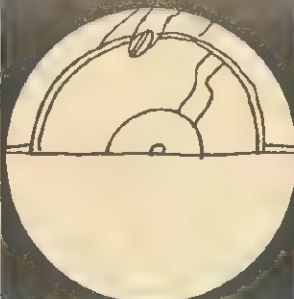
SPANKY  
& OUR GANG  
WANT TO  
GET TO KNOW YOU



1



2 untold  
freaky 4 color poster



3 remove record



4 listen to an album  
that's hard to believe











# THERE'S NOTHING, REALLY NOTHING TO TURN OFF

—Continued from Page 1  
miles from Memphis. His talent was obvious at an early age.

Finally, through the same label, Sun, which Elvis Presley first recorded on, Cash, in late 1955, came into his own. Thirteen years later, Cash's latest release—and one of his very best—is *Johnny Cash At Folsom Prison* (Columbia CS 9639) produced by Bob Johnston (also Dylan's producer) the only man at Columbia Records, according to Cash, who believed Cash that Folsom Prison was "the place to record an album live." Cash's backing group includes Carl Perkins, the man who wrote "Blues Suede Shoes."

There is no question that rock and roll is connected with much of the country and western tradition. Much of the best and newest recent developments in rock and roll have had more and more to do with country music. Otis Redding was deeply touched by country music. The soul music tradition has been deeply involved with country sounds, they are both from the south and the marriage of the two is what was called rock and roll.

Today, country music has begun to appear in a number of popular spots, as it always has in the past. One of them, for example, was Nancy Sinatra's totally lame version of Johnny Cash and June Carter's great "Jackson." Another fashionable piece was in the movie, *Bonnie and Clyde*. Olde Excessive England, which is currently going through a "rock and roll revival," (not really what the name implies, but something close to it) has also been inundated with some of the vacuous extremes of country music, the Engelbert Humperdinck ballad.

But by far the most significant re-appearance of country music is in Bob Dylan's latest record, *John Wesley Harding*. It is the second album he has recorded with country musicians in Nashville, but it is the first in which he goes straight to the heart of the country tradition. It is a natural and logical move: not a step forward, not a step backwards, but part of a circular pattern. It is a move that makes what Dylan is doing all the more clear.

It might seem like a truism, but at this point in time when the frivolous and the bullshit in rock and roll comes faster than royalty checks and thicker than "pop music" critics, it ought to be re-asserted that the main thing is the music and understanding begins there. It always has been and should always continue to be the case, that the best groups and performers are those who are solidly grounded in the music, who can play and perform well, and not those who just have timely, hip messages.

There are a number of things we can see in country music, a number of styles and ideas that are a part of the music, a part of the music Dylan now sings and a part of the what he has to say.

They are story-telling songs, tales of people and their people, intensely simplistic and moral in their nature. With these overtones, it goes to the roots of human relationships. In many cases, there is a lot of tiresome and uninteresting sentimentality and hokeyness, but in its highest moments—in everything Johnny Cash does, in what Otis was doing, in what Dylan now sings—it is intensely heartfelt, intensely soulful and intensely close to people.

It would probably be deadly accurate to say that country and western music is the soul music of white people. Its origins are in the lives of the dispossessed okies and it reflects the knowledge and suffering of people who had learned that there is an honest compromise with other men and with the land. In many ways, it is a music of reconciliation, of people who have been wronged or wronged others, but who, in the end, found out that that's the way it is.

I think that this is, in many ways, what Dylan now sings about. And, as Dylan says, "The country music station plays soft, and there's nothing, really nothing, to turn off."



Above, Johnny Cash; Below, Flatt and Scruggs

BARON WOLMAN







WILLIAM GLOVER

## Where Are All the Beatle Fans

Part III (St. Mark's Place — The East Village — Three o'clock in the afternoon).

Dedicated to John Mayall's *Crusade*

Where is yesterday's Beatle fan? She is;  
Listening to Country Joe and the Fish float from the opened  
door of the Underground Uplift Unlimited—  
Reminiscing on last years "original hippies"  
Forming their images in the shadows now pan-handling on  
the same pavement—  
Lifting her eyes to the clouds;  
Seeing the same birds fly back and forth from the roof of  
The Electric Circus—  
Wondering why they haven't left  
Wondering why you've not left—  
'Where do they go? Where do they go?  
Movin' down the highways, and the byways—  
People with their shy ways;  
and their sly ways."  
The Holmes  
"All the lonely people, where do they all come from?  
All the lonely people, where do they all belong?"  
John Lennon-Paul McCartney

I want to know,  
So many faces I've seen come and go  
Return to a past life  
Running to a new one—  
Wondering what it was like to be James Dean.  
Does the Mafia really sink hippy-dealers in the East River?  
So I've been told  
Holding yourself back from strangling the newly arrived  
hippy chick  
Miss Society's Child  
Janice Ian in-the-flesh

spew forth her stale Newsweek opinion  
on the  
situation

Discovering your zipper's come unzipped in your dungarees, and  
knowing you left your only pair of underpants drying on the radiator  
that morning—  
Remembering  
you've forgotten  
The H-bomb?  
The what bomb?  
Remembering a love you once had in England green—  
grey Picadilly Circus on a Wednesday afternoon.  
Spring Sunday morning in ice-cream-man Hyde Park—  
That for which you lived all those lonely years has forsaken and  
forgotten you—leaving you here—

"It's not very often that something special happens  
and you,  
Happened to be that something special for me,  
ill...  
And even though I know that you and I could never find  
the kind  
of love  
we wanted

Together  
alone  
I find myself thinking of you."  
Joe MacDonald

Red flames leap before your eyes at the thought of him lying next to  
another woman—

Breathing hot angry fires of jealousy, feeling your fingers form  
a cat's claw.

Trying hard to admit defeat to your broken heart—  
"This is the end,

beautiful friend,  
the end;  
This is the end,  
my only friend  
the end

I'll never look into your eyes again—  
Can you picture what we'll be  
so innocent and free  
Desperately in need of a stranger's hand—  
in a desperate land?"  
Jim Morrison

Baby, I already know  
Listening to John Mayall and the Bluebreakers and finally  
comprehending why real Blues groups aren't Maharishi converts—  
and digging it!  
—ISABEL



# VISUALS: THE DEATH OF THE GREAT POSTER TRIP

BY THOMAS ALBRIGHT

They still crank out the posters for dances at the Fillmore, Avalon and Winterland—the posters don't really look all that different than they did years ago, but somehow they rarely pack the same excitement anymore.

The writing began appearing on the wall last year, in flowing psychedelic script: exhibits in museums and plush art galleries, critiques in newspapers, color-spreads in *Life* and a cover on *Time* Magazine. There were term papers, and this year there will probably be masters' theses and doctoral dissertations. All this could add up to only one thing: The Great Poster Trip is largely over the hill.

The posters, however original or "artistic," were mass-produced commercial products, and their decline is largely explainable in terms of classical economic laws: flooding the market (or how many can you fit on your walls) and bad imitations driving out good originals. The whole thing turned into a tourist fad. And from the start, it was a phenomenon containing massive doses of camp, fresh to begin but staling as quickly as TV's "Batman."

At the same time, an ironic development seems to be just at its beginning stage. The magazine field is replete with examples of bad imitations driving their models to a higher level of quality, and then being driven there themselves by worse imitations: Today's "Gent" is tomorrow's "Playboy" and next month's "Esquire." Something of the kind seems to be happening among the originators of the psychedelic poster. Rick Griffin, Kelley, Victor Moscoso and Stanley Mouse are still producing posters, but they are also increasingly involved in original art work. Wes Wilson has virtually abandoned the poster biz for serious painting. Bob Fried had a recent show of paintings at a university art gallery. It's a little like the topless dancer always longing for that serious dramatic role. The commercial poster-makers are going art.

It was good clean fun while it lasted, though, and significant in a very deep way. I once wrote that psychedelic poster art might be the first revolutionary movement to sneak into art history by way of the society and entertainment pages of the newspaper; the art establishment still had trouble recognizing real pop art in its natural context. The other side of this is that the poster movement itself has served as a backdoor which has gained for art a new audience, approaching art in a new way. To a generation that grew up on finger-painting and largely dropped-out of school before art appreciation courses had instilled their deadly, monumentalizing religious awe toward art, the posters were a non-intimidating art form full of familiar ingredients—pop advertising art, culture hero



RICK GRIFFIN

ergy was part of the later appeal of African sculpture and New Guinea masks, and the medieval craftsman's guild idea was strong among the early German expressionists. Cubism, however, marked the beginning of a long flirtation of art with science, urbanization and industry, and surrealism and expressionism responded with Freud.

The gap between celebration of the machine and the revolt of the individual continued and widened through the years of abstract expressionism, as did the breach between artist and public. Progress, meanwhile, led to the development of plastic and a second world war, to cybernetics and Vietnam. It led also to pop, op, television and LSD, to Marshal McLuhan and a revival of the synthesizing thought of Carl Jung.

Poster art was, for the most part, a kind of revival movement which both reacted against and made use of the new ideas and forms of mainstream fine art. Wes Wilson's blatantly stark-naked, heavily-modeled, medusa-haired nudes are three-parts Beardsley and Mucha, but they are also one-part Mel Ramos; the entire Art Nouveau revival owes to pop art the fact that it is again fashionable to look at an art work in terms of the literal images and symbolic meanings that emerge from its disarmingly decorative design; it has overturned the tyranny of pure form which locked Victorian "sentimentality" in the attic for almost half a century.

Kelley's collage posters are MacLuhanesque montages of images whose surrealism is closer to Maxfield Parrish than Magritte, and they carry on the spirit of the family albums, the picture scrap books, the pressed flowers, that symbolize the Victorian mania for preserving and collecting everything.

Mouse's cartoon monsters are half Mad Magazine pop, half a resurrection of the wild illustrational style of early, pre-painting Paul Klee. Moscoso's posters make use of all the blinding color juxtapositions developed by op artists. Griffin's posters are beautifully sophisticated transformations of 19th century advertising art and book illustration styles into a contemporary blend of surrealism and camp (which simply means the pop art of an earlier age).

Some minor masterpieces have indeed emerged from the poster movement during its brief flowering: almost all of Griffin's work, several of the Mouse-Kelley productions, some of Bob Fried's, Bob Seidemann's photoposters and all kinds of isolated examples by other people. It may well continue to turn out more, including things from some of the second, third and fourth wave artists.

What's really happening now, however, seems to represent a deepening

photographs and reminders of Victorian relics in grandma's attic; they poked fun at the plastic sickness of adult commercial art, the reverential attitude toward fine art, and flaunted the taboos against marijuana and mushrooms. They were an art which everyone could identify and live with, simply by sticking four thumb tacks up the wall. The result is a come-off-it, it-ain't-got-a-thing-if-it-ain't-got-that swing attitude which is carrying over as a healthy new standard in approaching more serious art.

Poster-art, for all its exotic references to God's eyes, Islamic calligraphy, Buddhist mandalas and Indian swastikas, was basically a combination of two contemporary and highly native trends: pop art and the Victorian revival, including Art Nouveau.

In spirit, psychedelic poster art harks back to developments in Europe and England (and New England) that formed an undercurrent through much of the 19th century, from Blake and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood through the Oxford Movement, the Gothic Revival, and William Morris, to Art Nouveau and its eastern European counterpart, Jugendstil.

These movements combined varying proportions of mysticism, Utopi-

anism, and irrational romanticism in reaction against the Age of Reason, the Industrial Revolution, and the onset of mass production. It was the age which first sharply questioned the idea of progress as it had developed in western civilization since the so-called Renaissance.

Blake and the Pre-Raphaelites sought to re-establish roots in the vitalizing currents of the past in medieval simplicity and purity, the mystical union of thought with feeling which existed before alchemy and astrology divided into science and magic. The Transcendentalists—and in ways the Impressionists—began western civilization's first major journey to the East, importing Indian thought and Japanese prints. Morris and his contemporaries fought the assembly line with the kind of design that only the hand could make, the printing press with a revival of calligraphy. Beardsley and the Jugendstil artists countered the analytical hang-ups of the age with a sensuously irrational symbolism and in Toulouse-Lautrec, the era created the commercial art poster.

Most of these developments—reactionary in the terms of their day—quickly became footnotes to the main stream of western history, although a return to primitive centers of en-

Continued on Page 22





Mike Bloomfield

## GRAVENITES: STOP THIS SHUCK, RALPH GLEASON

Nick Gravenites, Chicago-born singer and composer, was a vocalist with the Electric Flag until just recently. In addition to several songs on the album, *Gravenites* is also the author of "Born in Chicago," from the Butterfield band's first record, the title tune, "East-West" from that group's second LP and numerous other compositions. "Nick the Greek" wrote the following in reply to Ralph Gleason's column in the last issue of *ROLLING STONE* (May 11, 1968 "Stop This Shuck, Mike Bloomfield.")

### BY NICK GRAVENITES

I was really shocked at the level of Ralph Gleason's attack against Mike Bloomfield in the May 11th issue of *ROLLING STONE*. When is Ralph going to get out of his Black-White bag? Doesn't he know that Mike is from Chicago and that Chicago has over one million Black Americans living there and that it is virtually impossible to live in the city and not become a little Black in your heart and soul. It's not so unnatural to play blues in Chicago.

Gleason uses the same arguments here that he used in reviewing Butterfield's band years ago. The same Black and White routine—"Butter sounding like a black man." Shit! Butterfield plays blues, man, and it doesn't make any difference what color he is, judge him on his music, not his skin color. Butterfield, like The Electric Flag, has a mixed band. Black and White together.

Where are the mixed bands in San Francisco? Maybe there's one or two, but I haven't seen them. Maybe it's because they don't have the strong "tradition" of racial co-operation in music, or, anything else, for that matter. Or, maybe more accurately, it's not "profitable" to have blacks in a band playing to a predominantly white audience. So what, Whitey!

I'm sure Ralph Gleason spends a lot of time "chatting" on the telephone with various musicians, promoters, band managers, and such, hipping himself in on the scene. He sort of helps keep the scene going. But why the racist tinge? Why not a

really important and ballsy contribution instead of perpetuating his small-time ethnic views. He should chat less and get out on the street more, where it's really at.

Does Ralph Gleason really believe Mike Bloomfield "hired" Buddy Miles? A cute financial arrangement of some kind? Ralph implies this in his article. He also implies that white bands "hire" blacks to blacken their bands. That may be true of the bands Ralph Gleason hangs out with, but it is a gross falsehood about The Electric Flag—or Paul Butterfield. How about James Cotton hiring Alberto Giamanco? To whitening up the band, maybe? That's bullshit! Alberto happens to play piano better than anybody around, and he really wants with all his heart and soul to play and live with Cotton's band. Yes, Ralph Gleason, *live* with Cotton's band. That's the secret.

I don't know if Ralph Gleason knows where Mike Bloomfield is really at, I'll try to give him a little background on him now, maybe a little late, I admit, maybe I should have talked to Ralph on the phone a long time ago, but I had more important things to do. Mike's been a hot-shot guitarist all of his adult life. In "Chicken soup" terms, that's Bar Mitzvah time; thirteen years old. Mike's father is a millionaire. When Mike first started hanging around with the black musicians, his family flipped out.

"WHY DO YOU WANT TO HANG AROUND WITH THE SCHWARTZES? DON'T YOU KNOW WE'VE GOT A NICE BUSINESS WAITING FOR YOU HERE?"

This bullshit went on for years, meanwhile Mike was on the streets of Chicago looking for musicians who would teach him "cool" things on the guitar. Black or White didn't make any difference, just the quality of the music. It was mostly Black musicians—old timey cats like Big Joe Williams and Robert Nighthawk and Sunnyland Slim. Mike managed a folk-music coffee house where he instituted "Chicago Blues Night" where all of the old-time cats could come and do their thing and get some

bread in their pockets. Funky trios that sometimes sounded terrible, but what the hell, here's how you learned. Mike got to be friends with a piano and organ player in one of the black churches on the West Side of Chicago. He learned a lot of gospel music from him and even played at some of the services.

Hey, man, this was over ten years ago when he was doing this. You are going to ask that Mike cut out ten years of his life like they never happened? That he never did hang out with black musicians, that he's one hundred percent "Chicken Soup?"

Forget it, Ralph.

You know, Mike doesn't have to play with a mixed band or play a lot of black music. He just wants to. Many times in his career he was told that by getting rid of the black members of his band, or his band altogether, and he could make a lot more money, play a lot more gigs. Mike would rather have a band that played good music together than be a "star." He's given up a lot, even things like the good reviews by critics, by sticking with people he knows can play music, regardless of their race or religion.

You know, I was reading Clapton's interview in the *ROLLING STONE*, the interview on the page after Gleason's slur against Bloomfield, and there it was in print by a musician that has taken America by storm, "Bloomfield has influenced me strongly as a person, with his outspoken views" or "Bloomfield is the heaviest thing around on the West Coast." Mike really freaked Eric out, I mean Eric freaked out and laughed his ass off and loosened up a lot because of Bloomfield's manner and style in expressing his views. I'll give you a good example of how this happened because I think that it's important. It's important because it applies to the way Ralph Gleason got freaked by Michael.

Dig this, Ralph: It was The Cream's first gig at the Fillmore and The Electric Flag was on the same bill. Mike and Eric had already met when Mike was in England touring with Butterfield's band, and talking

came easy. They were rapping about music, gospel music in general, and a teenybopper interrupted the conversation and started talking about how good a certain unnamed band was. Michael replied that the band was shit, especially the leader who really was shit. She replied that she got a deep emotional feeling when she heard this band and that it affected her very much and how could something that touched her so deeply be called shit? Michael answered her with one of his famous stories.

He said: "Now, look, take this guy, see, and the thing he really loves to do most, I mean he really gets off behind this, man, is take shit, you know, shit in his hands and then rub it all over his face and while he's doing this, man, he's really happy, he's smiling from ear to ear behind this, man, it really turns him on. He's really digging it, you know. But after all, it's shit. If you want to do the same thing, go right ahead, but you're a freak if you dig it cause all it is is shit." It's this kind of language that turned Eric on... the honesty and clarity of his allegory.

Mike doesn't cop out to teen-boppers. Eric dug this and picked up on it. You should pick up on it too, Ralph Gleason. Mike is no accident. His language is no accident. He learned it in the crucible which is the Chicago music scene, where musicians Black and White keep trying to eliminate the bullshit that comes with too much copping out, too much "dealing" with the problem.

Come on, Ralph, say it. Pigpen can't sing his way out of a paper bag.

There's a Turkish-born Greek dishwasher in a Greek restaurant in Boston that can sing circles around Grace Slick. Come on, Ralph, say it. It's not that hard. There's a lot more to say. Learn some of the expressions that blues players use to cut through the Bullshit. Like Fuck You.

One last thing about the article. Ralph Gleason talks about originality being the "key." Originality is not the key, Ralph. Original shit is no different than un-original shit. It's all the same, Ralph. It's shit.



## BY JON LANDAU

The first B. B. King album to catch my attention, some months back, is a little known album on the Crown label: *The Great B. B. King* (CLP 5143). The record appears to be of ancient origin and contains cuts which are fully fifteen years old. Most noteworthy of the selections is the original recording of "Sweet Sixteen." That one cut provides the best functional introduction to King's music currently available.

In B. B. King's music, the voice and guitar are continuous with each other. He rarely sings and plays at the same time. Rather he will sing a line and let his guitar finish it off in the measures that precede the second line. His voice and guitar extend each other. The band is used to give a dynamic structure within which King can present his singing and guitar playing. On "Sweet Sixteen," an extremely long, classically straight blues, the band doesn't really begin to build until the last two verses, where the voice, guitar, and horns reach a driving climax.

Of course, the B. B. King album that everyone knows, and which is still the B. B. King album to get, is *B. B. King, Live at the Regal* (ABC 500). Recorded in 1964, it fully illustrates the extent and pervasiveness of King's genius. The album opens with "Everyday I Have the Blues." That number shows off King's jazzier side and the horns remind one immediately of the big band sound of an earlier era. (King is an admirer and student of many of the early jazz guitarists.) The vocal also gives strong evidence of King's attraction to jazz, particularly in the way he moves from the higher to the lower registers of his voice.

Following "Everyday" he moves into a sort of continuous slow blues. Slow blues are B. B. King at his heaviest, and the structure of these three tunes is masterful. King starts off with "Sweet Little Angel," one of his most lyrical and erotic numbers, and after three verses, finishes up with a guitar solo of incomparable beauty and grace. King's guitar playing is so harmonious and melodically satisfying that it is consistently stunning to listen to. One of the ways in which he has it over even his high class imitators is that he always plays the song. On this solo one hears him powdering every note and eliminating anything that might be superfluous.

After finishing "Sweet Little Angel," which is also a classically straight blues, he moves directly into "It's My Own Fault," which is a verse and chorus type of blues, although still in the same tempo and key. And finally he moves into "How Blue Can You Get," which has a highly dramatic stop-time break. King climaxes the whole set by singing:

I gave you a brand new ford  
You said, "I want a Cadillac";  
I bought you a ten dollar dinner  
You said "Thanks for the snack";  
I let you live in my penthouse  
You said it was just a shack;  
I gave you seven children  
And now you want to give them back.

—and as he finishes the lines, the horns come in with one of their cold as steel riffs that just takes the whole thing home.

Lately, King has been recording for ABC BluesWay, a solid new label that has made a point of bringing out records by the great living bluesmen in generally well-produced and well-programmed sessions. The latest King album for them is *Blues on Top of Blues* (BLS 6011) and is a studio job featuring new material and a big band. It is not one of King's more exciting sets, but it still contains such fine performances as his latest single, "Paying the Cost to Be the Boss" (which is currently moving up the charts). King is the kind of performer who, at this point of his career, is best off recorded live, and an earlier BluesWay set, *Blues Is King* (BLS 6001), is superior for just that reason. On that album he is heard with the Sonny Freeman Quartet, with whom he currently travels. The instrumentation is organ, drums (Freeman), and two horns. The style is based on the slow, heavy material like "Gambler's Blues," "Night Life,"

"Don't Answer the Door" and "Baby Get Lost."

"Gambler's Blues" is typical of what King likes to do now. After introducing his group, he announces, "We're gonna do our best to move you tonight, and if you like the blues I think we can." He then moves into a slow guitar solo played over a very quiet organ and drums. Without the listener realizing it, the intensity gradually builds up during this first chorus and, as he moves into the second, the organ and drums open up at full volume while King plays a fantastic riff on the highest register of his instrument. Just as he has gotten to the top of the riff, the entire band breaks for an instant—a complete break—and then the drums lead them all back into the finish of the chorus. After finishing the chorus King thanks the audience and now

from people like Muddy Waters and his predecessors. B. B. King is forty three years old now, and was born in Indianola, Mississippi, and he has heard and had a lot of different kind of blues.

Having absorbed and learned and felt all this about King's music before having seen him, and having come to truly love his music in recent months, I was still unprepared for what I saw at the "Tea Party."

Following the introduction, King appeared on stage in his turtle-necked tuxedo outfit and immediately broke into a swinging "Everyday I Have the Blues." I could tell right there that it was going to happen. The audience gave him a fantastic reception and he started to whip it out of "Lucille," his guitar, coming to you through his Fender Reverb amp, and your whole body had to

be moved by it. It moved me because, despite the fact that he has been doing this for twenty years or more, his music was so personal. His guitar was talking to each individual person in the audience and it was telling them something that they could understand.

As he played something pretty, one of the guys in the band or someone in the audience would call out, "Play the blues, B.," or "Play your song." The guys in the band may have been shucking a bit, but the people in the audience were for real and King knew it. And after the second guitar chorus, the band opened up in a matter of two measures and the audience was enveloped with the sound. King was right up at the top of his guitar and the drummer was cutting through like he was coming out of fourteen Marshalls, and the organ held it all together with that big full-bodied Hammond sound, and by then we were no longer an audience but participants. And when the entire band broke for an instant, people were screaming, applauding, and calling things out to King. I felt that this is what rock and roll is supposed to be all about, and wondered why it happens so infrequently.

For the remainder of the set, King did every different kind of blues. Being a professional and an entertainer, he has an excellent sense of how to break a set up. The audience's rapport and response grew with each song. The set ended with "Sweet Sixteen" which begins: "My brother is in Korea . . ." Hearing that line had a stunning effect on me because it reminded me instantly of how long B. B. King has been playing the blues. His performance of the song was superb and when he got to the very last line he sang "Sometimes, baby, I wonder . . ." and he stopped and the band said "yeah" and he repeated the line, and the band repeated its response and he screamed it out once more and the band brought the whole thing home, and the place exploded. He came back for an encore, thanking everyone profusely, as he always does, and cut out for his break before doing the second show.

When King came back for the second set the crowd had filled up and he knew what to expect. I am told that at some recent gigs in New York he hadn't done that well, so it may have come as a surprise to him that a Thursday night, predominantly white audience, in Boston, Mass., was really going to turn on to his music. King began doing many of the requests that were yelled up to him after every song.

He had a little trouble getting started but he quickly settled into a heavy blues streak and did a wailing "Night Life," of which there is an excellent recording on *Blues Is King*. The ending of that song has a tremendous climax which he repeated three times and it is pointless to describe the impact it had. From there he went on to "Don't Answer the Door" and one of my favorites, "How Blue Can You Get." When he got to the "I got you a Ford" riff, people were screaming up to him the way it happens on the Regal album. Afterwards he told the audience that they were spoiling him and dedicated his next number to everyone in the house. The lyrics began "I don't even know your name, but I love you just the same." It was moving because I think he really meant it.

All good things come to an end, but B. B. King was in no rush that night. He finished up with a jazzy thing and, of course, came back for an encore, for which he did a show piece on the guitar. This time, as he turned to make his exit people ran up to shake his hand. He even signed some autographs before leaving. Shortly after he went off stage, the band got up and started to leave (with the audience still going wild), but as they did King reappeared to do another one. It was his superb version of "Rock Me Baby," and it just filled the Boston Tea Party with its sexuality to the point where it seemed like he was making love to everyone in the room.

For the third time he tried to leave and the people gave him a real ovation. —Continued on next page

## B.B.KING



BARON WOLMAN

lets his voice pick up where his guitar left off. For the remainder of the cut his singing recreates the concept that his guitar has just played out. The overall effect, even on record, is overpowering.

Such has been my acquaintance with King on record, prior to having seen him in person several weeks ago at the "Boston Tea Party." The beautiful thing I had found in his music was a synthesis of many diverse strands in the blues. There are major elements of jazz in the way he uses his falsetto to offset the rougher, harsh tone he is capable of. There are also touches of jazz in the way he arranges his faster numbers. His ballads are heavily influenced by country and western (two of his boyhood favorites were Gene Autry and the original Jimmie Rodgers) and, of course, there are major influences

move. The music swung like I am not used to hearing it swing. The sound of the guitar was relaxed and pleasurable. And when he started to sing you knew immediately why no white blues band will ever touch B. B. King. Some white blues guitarist might some day equal him on guitar (I've never heard any who do) but no one will ever match his voice. When King started to sing I knew I was listening to that rarity in popular music—the artist.

Immediately following the opener King moved right into the heavy stuff—a slow blues. He started the tune with a three chorus guitar solo and every note was full and right. As he played a key phrase he would wrinkle his face up and close his eyes and one could see the intensity and the totality of what he was putting down, and I couldn't help but



## B. B. King Live in Boston

—Continued from Page 18

tion, not really expecting him to return, but he was obviously enjoying himself and to everyone's surprise he did come back. At this point everyone was yelling out requests, but some cute chick right in front of the stage managed to catch his attention and asked for "Sweet Little Angel." King smiled and dedicated the next one "for the little lady." He then went into what may well be his all time masterpiece. After three or four superb guitar choruses he started to sing, "I've got a sweet little angel, I love the way she spreads her wings," and, for me, it was like the first time he walked on stage all over again. I re-experienced everything I

felt about his music during that one song.

After leaving the Tea Party I found it hard to really think about the whole thing, and I haven't really come down from the experience. But I would say this: the potency of King's music lies in his ability to combine an experiential-emotional-soulful level of musical creation with a more disciplined, intellectual, restrained level. He gets you in both places: the head and the gut. And when B. B. King plays the blues, the two sides truly become unified. He plays it both ways and it comes out a single, unified statement-experience. And that's the way it should be done.

## It Won't Happen in Monterey

—Continued from Page One  
ment until an arrest is made or charges are filed."

Mrs. Beebe had worked in the accounting office of Liberty Records for a year before she quit and was hired by the Festival. The girls there remember her as "a pleasant girl" the controller didn't trust, who said she and her husband had earlier left Alaska suddenly, abandoning their apartment, possessions, and jobs. She never explained why.

"After she left here she and her husband went very hippie," said supervisor Connie Breckenridge, "headbands and the whole bit. In July she took six of us to lunch at the Continental Hotel — I wondered then where she got the money."

"Last November it was her birthday, and one of the girls went to her apartment to ask her to a party. She found that Sandra and her husband had gone, leaving everything, just like she had said about Alaska. We haven't seen her since."

Problem Number Three was prompted by Republican State Assemblyman Alan Pattee of Salinas who, as part of the Monterey business community's attack on this year's proposed (now cancelled) festival, demanded that the state check the disbursement of 1967's \$211,000 profit.

(Pattee has long been a foe of the State-operated fairgrounds system and his demand that the festival be investigated is apparently a political move to gather ammunition for a

fight against the various community festival areas.)

According to Lou Adler, \$85,000 has now either been given away or pledged: \$50,000 given to the City of New York, \$25,000 given to a Sam Cooke Memorial Fund, \$5000 given and another \$5000 pledged to the Los Angeles Free Medical Clinic, and \$10,000 pledged to the San Francisco clinic. ABC-TV still owes the Festival \$100,000 for the Pennabaker film.

"That's all the plans for giving it away that we have now," says Adler. "We're waiting for the money from ABC and looking for the \$52,000. We can't give away what we don't have."

(The film will probably never be shown, Pennabaker has edited it down to 72 minutes, says it is impossible to edit any more and has given up on it. John Phillips, among other artists, has objected to the editing job, and has turned it over to the University of Southern California's film school for their use. ABC, which still holds the option on it, will probably never exercise it.)

But Deputy Attorney General Charles O'Brien says that a charitable trust has to have given away or have plans to give away "a sizable proportion" of the money it took in, or will take in, within a year after the charitable event. Asked if the \$95,000 would satisfy him, considering that money is still owed the Festival, he said, "I doubt it very much."

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## RECORDS:



Wow: Grape Jam, Moby Grape (Columbia CS 9613 & MGS 1)

Moby Grape has released a new album (*Wow*) and sad to say, it doesn't even come close to matching the quality of their original album. We are given a double fold jacket, violins, a big band, and a cute bonus album titled cutely *Grape Jam*, but unfortunately we are not given much music of interest; as a matter of fact this is one of the most astonishingly poor San Francisco albums to date, considering the time and money that seem to have been poured into the project.

Two major problems confront the Grape on this outing: problem number one is named Bob Mosley, an

unbearably mealy-mouthed "singer" who at his worst (as in "Three-Four"; that's a walk—get it?) sounds like a cross between Tom Jones and Engelbert Humperdink with a cold. Problem number two is the lack of serviceable new songs provided by the group. When the music makes sense the lyrics don't: "Mother and Father, think for yourselves; this is The Place and The Time . . ." Such blistering profundity might logically come from the prolific pen of Sonny Bono, but why has Moby Grape been reduced to such inanities? "The tree of life is a burdensome thing to those who live a lie." Wow.

Some things, of course, are right about the Grape: their instrumental work tends to be very tight and clean considering their use of three guitars; the group vocals also can be quite good, as long as Mosley keeps his mouth shut. Thus Peter Lewis' "He," a really nice song (almost as good as Lewis' earlier "Sitting by the Window"), is marred for some mysterious reason by the intrusion of Mosley's deeply reverberated mumbling at several points. "The Place and the Time" is a fairly complex, well-produced short song that balances and plays off voices, strings, and sound effects, but the end result is static and off-tune. "Murder in My Heart for the Judge" is an adequate vehicle for the Grape, and it is not obnoxious; Jerry Miller plays guitar very well here and throughout the album, even if his playing is rather faceless. Miller's most extended soloing is on "Miller's Blues," a competently arranged (if rather uninteresting) cut. "Bitter Wind" is a Mosley attempt at a ballad that almost comes off until we are thrust into the higher realms of psychedelia; presumably all "avant-garde" rock albums must include such "inspired" (musically uninteresting) production work. "Can't Be So Bad" is an improvement; there's a curious orchestral arrangement on this song that helps make it one of the better tracks on *Wow*, and the Grape plays loud and hard, which generally . . .

—Wait . . . the next track is at 78

rpm and features Arthur Godfrey! (It's even better than "Caravan" with a drum solo.) Anyone ever heard "America Drinks and Goes Home"? Lou Waxman, Arthur Godfrey, and Moby Grape . . . what an original idea—

. . . is what the band is best at. "Rose Colored Eyes" threatens to be another one of *Wow*'s high points until some dialogue concerning the persecution of "long-haired creeps" finds its way onto the track; but then Moby Grape has to show that it is a group with a crusading social conscience in matters concerning hair. One of Skip Spence's contributions, "Motorcycle Irene," is a pathetic vehicle for a sound effect of a crash, while the other, "Funky Funk," well—it's a cute song; if this album wasn't so goddamned cute, it might be tolerable. Even "Naked, if I Want To" sounded better on the first album than it does here.

The "bonus" album, *Grape Jam*, is a more listenable album than *Wow* simply because it is not burdened with "the virtuosity and perfections demanded by posterity." "Never" is a respectable enough Mosley song with some tasteful Jerry Miller lead guitar work backed by Skip Spence's chording. Even if "Boysenberry Jam" isn't perfect or all that exciting, it does demonstrate Miller's virtuosity, Mosley's ability to play monotonous riffs on his bass, and Jim Stevenson's competent drumming. As a matter of fact, that is really the word for the Grape: when they are not being cute and/or playing poorly, they are competent—on this album rarely anything more. "Black Currant Jam" gives us a welcome sample of "guest" Al Kooper's two-fisted piano playing, and it is undoubtedly one of the best tracks on the new Grape release. Kooper plays all the clichés in a style that he had developed as early as his original (pre-Blues Project) "I Can't Keep from Crying" (which appears on *What's Shakin'*, Elektra EKS-74001); while the result is sometimes sloppy, it never drags. The kineticism that Kooper brings in his playing is especially evident when his piano

work is compared with that of "guest" Mike Bloomfield on "Marmalade." Bloomfield, of course, knows all the clichés, too, but "Marmalade" bogs down in aimless doodling at times. There are many, many jazzmen (most, in fact) who could cut Bloomfield and Miller with their eyes closed, and it's not really technique that is missing: rather it's ideas that are absent.

All things considered the new Moby Grape album is a great disappointment; the Skip Spence songs on the first album were among the best on that record ("Omaha" and "Indifference"), but Spence's writing on the new album is trivial and Peter Lewis contributes but one track. The Grape seem to have leaped into psychedelic cuteness when they should have stuck to hard rock. No doubt Moby Grape can be a good, tight rock group, but the trouble is that Moby Grape can also produce a great deal of garbage in the name of experimentation in rock. The new album unfortunately contains too much painful evidence of the Grape's "experimentation."

JIM MILLER



Bookends Simon and Garfunkel (Columbia KCS 9529)

This record is worth getting, if only for the cover, which captures the amazing resemblance of Simon and Garfunkel to Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas, respectively. Or maybe Avedon has merely captured them

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at their high-fashion best. It is hard sometimes, to find out who is putting whom on. Someone has succeeded.

The music is, for me, questionable, but I've always found their music questionable. It is nice enough, and I admit to liking it, but it exudes a sense of process, and it is slick, and nothing too much happens. It is, also, and this is certainly not a fault *per se*, not rock and roll, whatever that is. For instance, "Overs," the weakest cut on the LP, would lend itself well to a Streisand styling. On "Old Friends," strings are used with wild abandon, when they might better not have been used at all. The phrasing in the song, which has a kind of folk song feeling, is too loose for anything but a show song at its most dishonest. On "America," however, there is a fine horn arrangement, and "A Hazy Shade of Winter" is simple but compelling.

The lyrics are a surprise, and they are fine. Simon, in *Parsley, Sage, Rosemary, and Thyme* the most self-consciously "poetic" and arty of rock lyricists, has come up, in some places, with the most refined use of the prose aesthetic in rock music since "Between the Buttons": "Kathy," I said, as we boarded a Greyhound in Pittsburgh, "Michigan seems like a dream to me now." In the same song, "America," he manages to "look for America" and discover it in the search itself, in its endless motion; "Watching the cars on the New Jersey turnpike/All come to look for America." His ear for common speech extends to: "The cops can't do a decent job/Cause the kids have no respect for the law/And blah blah blah."

In "Mrs. Robinson," written for *The Graduate*, Simon has composed perhaps the best song of the movie genre. It follows the plot, but it explains it in imagery outside of the strict confines of that plot. It is also a wonderful song about America, even a rock and roll song, and it is rather poignant: "Where have you gone, Joe DiMaggio/ A nation turns its lonely eyes to you . . . God bless you, please,

Mrs. Robinson/Heaven holds a place for those who pray . . ." "A Hazy Shade of Winter" is an exception to the prose aesthetic, but the attempt at poetry is restrained and not at all taste - curdling. "Punky's Dilemma" ("I'm a boysenberry jam fan") and "At the Zoo" are a little too cute. Zoo" are a little too cute.

The strangest thing of all is a cut called "Voices of Old People," which is just that. It is an interesting idea, but most of the old people sound like character actors.

ARTHUR SCHMIDT



The Five Thousand Spirits or The Layers of the Onion, Incredible String Band (EKL 4010)

L.A. sipping from a liquid cigarette with my favorite straw a thread from the radio blowing started tickling my ear sound of a pixie voice tiptoeing over the strings of a golden guitar and the dawn comes creeping up when it thinks I'm not looking lil row your boats of notes on a silver flute string growly voice in the background like pooh humming about hunney the floor started to bounce along in time smiles walking all over our faces merry devils conjured clicking their heels in our eyes jiggling Irish welsh far away green song dances mist wind moving gentle frosting eyelashes and rolling up pearl rainbow tear tickles the radio stopped took another swallow blew smoke out left ear announcer said incredible string band no sleep blues robin williamson guitar (flutegimbristarrat-

tleoudmandollnbass) & mike heron guitar (leadrhythmharmocavoice) I said Wow!!!! pass that cigarette great tobacco shortage passed the cigarette radio said incredible string band painting box now the grumbly voice finish licking paws sweetly humming magic harps in trees blowing notes on breeze buzzing spinning bees rippling colors sound of grasses growing sailboats pretending to be giant shark fins flower petal chimes from white church towers fruit blossoms warm yellowgoldvioletpinkblue vibrations promise of lovegossamerwings in rhythmic curling bird flightlately all I find are colors of you melting lightly sing it to your friends give it to your lover for her birthday incredible string band incredible . . .

J. THOMPSON



The Circle Game by Tom Rush (Elektra EKS-74018)

Tom Rush really hasn't changed much since his first record, *Got A Mind To Ramble*, came out four years ago and distinguished him as a more than competent folk guitarist (as evidenced on "Mole's Moan" and "San Francisco Bay Blues" on that album). The only things he has changed are his record label (Prestige Folklore to Elektra) and his production staff, now run by Paul Harris, who also produces and plays piano for Eric Andersen. On *The Circle Game*, Rush's apparent tribute to songwriter Joni Mitchell (he does three of her songs) is backed by a full orchestra

and a plethora of excellent studio musicians.

It's not an exceptional album all the way through—in fact some people might be offended by Rush's unusually low-pitched voice—but included are some outstanding cuts. Foremost of these is James Taylor's "Something In The Way She Moves" which flows beautifully with Bruce Langhorne's fine country stylings pushing it through. Rush's brand of vocalizing fits perfectly—his inflection is that of absolute understatement; he can never get excited about anything.

"Tin Angel" is a lovely, haunting "reflection of love's memories." His girl tells him she's throwing away all those "valentines and maple leaves tucked into a paperback" because "she's found someone to love today." The orchestration is superb. A really sad, melancholy song. "So Long" is a great cut, again outlined by Langhorne's C&W guitar. Rush's vocal is smooth—his chronic understatement is well-placed: "Go on girl/Go on and shake it up, baby/Tear up the world girl," he laughs. "Rockport Sunday" is a well-constructed guitar solo by Rush that starts off slowly and then goes into some changes more than slightly similar to Vince Guaraldi's "Cast Your Fate To The Wind." It's a nice piece but a bit slow and not nearly as intriguing as his earlier "Orphan's Blues" and the aforementioned "Mole's Moan." "The Glory of Love" is the old Billy Hill rock number of the Fifties and done here exactly like the original ("That's the story of/That's the glory of/Love") including an all-girl soul chorus. Rush likes to do this stuff (he did "I'm In Love Again," Fats Domino's old hit, on the Elektra *What's Shakin'* album), but it just doesn't make it.

*The Circle Game* is an easy record to listen to but not one for deep involvement. Rush's voice maintains a wry subtlety that creates a not-too-serious-I'm-just-singing-a-song atmosphere. If you're a Tom Rush fan you'll dig this record, otherwise there are only two or three tracks worth hearing.

BARRY GIFFORD



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## Correspondence:

—Continued from Page 3  
Grapefruit, Status Quo, Amen Corner, Simon Dupree, etc. Some of these have hit the charts but they either have been around a very long time, or they haven't proved to be consistent hit-makers.

You have to understand, I'm not condemning Steve Miller. It's just that he was a little too rash. I think he would have to be there for several months before he could make a proper judgement. His article was essentially what hit his eyes and not his ears. He may have been able to see everything but he heard very little. Any foreigner would have to do the same thing here too. I'm only writing this for fear that some readers might become very dismayed or cancel their trips to London.

HAROLD HORTON  
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

SIRS:

Two things I wish to say regarding Mike Bloomfield. The first is as for Bloomfield: the guy is beautiful—a fantasy to watch. The second is regarding his interview.

The majority of music lovers in San Francisco have been cultured to an awareness of all types of music, thought KMPX, the Fillmore, the Avalon, etc. When these people give the Dead, the Airplane, Big Brother or Country Joe a standing ovation I don't think that usual capacity crowd does that for the hell of it.

As for Blue Cheer, give them time and let them absorb the knowledge and skill of Bloomfield has in his music years.

JAMES FRICK  
MILL VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

SIRS:

I am writing specifically to say "well done" regarding the superb article "Musicians Reject New Political Exploiters" by Jann Wenner. He is where it's at. I have been reading the ramblings of Jerry Rubin in such papers as the L.A. Free Press and Berkeley Barb with not a little concern and general revulsion. It is my hope that Mr. Wenner's article might be able to be circulated sufficiently, in other publications, if necessary, to forestall a real tragedy in Chicago. It is reassuring to know that many of the pop groups see the thing for just what it is—a pure shuck.

STEPHEN W. CAREY IV  
OXNARD, CALIFORNIA

SIRS:

Very good article by Jan Wenner on the "Yippie" thing. Wenner is very close to understanding what makes "American Society" what it is and why such a thing as "media" can be so powerful in such a society. But there is a weakness in his thinking that represents the weakness that has made the whole thing he is criticizing possible. If he examines his observations clearly without the shadows of his rhetoric he will see that "rock and roll" is "media" and it is such as he who have made it so.

Bob Dylan was also the one who wrote "You don't need a weather man to know which way the wind blows." We need Wenner as little as we need "God on our side."

SINCERELY,  
THE WEATHER MAN

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## BARRY McGUIRE BUSTED IN L.A.



Barry McGuire is seen being busted at the April 14 Festival of Chauli, a Los Angeles Tribal Gathering, held in Malibu Canyon. Cops arrested 50 other people at the celebration.

## The Visuals:

—Continued from Page 18

and maturing of the psychedelic vision, an approach to art which is not necessarily more "serious" but is less fun-and-games, and runs parallel to the post-drug phase that has opened in the "hippie" movement, the exodus away from the Haight-Ashbury to Marin County, Mendocino and Big Sur.

Artists like Griffin, Kelley and Mouse may continue to develop and mature within the poster format; artists like Wilson and Moscoso may or may not come up with some dramatic new statements in more serious forms. But their pre-eminence, I think, is about to yield to a whole new wave of less public, non-commercial artists who have had nothing to do in the posters scene and whose work has just begun to surface in a handful of galleries over the last few months.

One of the most exciting of them is an artist named Robert Comings, who exhibited last month in a new San Francisco gallery. Comings displayed some more or less conventional "psychedelic" paintings and a large batch of graphic work, but the real breakthrough in his show was a group of found objects transformed into ritualistic artifacts of the kind that you usually see only in the privacy of someone's pad. These were musical instruments assembled from sun-bleached driftwood and Victorian side-tables, a "ritual kit" designed to translate names and numbers into personal chants, an "Om Synthesizer" which consisted of a long rubber hose that resonated against a rusted metal covering to produce the sound of om when held up to one's ear, like the roar of the ocean in a seashell. Tapes of the artist chanting and performing on the assemblage-instruments were played while visitors walked through the gallery, and Comings performed there live on Saturday afternoons.

This kind of thing represents a radically different and more profound approach to the life-art idea of the old art rock posters; it revives the assemblage tradition which grew up in the late 50's, but instead of dwelling morbidly on the necrophilic and Freudian aspects of the Victorian altar, it emphasizes the Victorian sense of reverence for all manner of knick-knacks and things, which is not so different from the Zen idea. And instead of transforming real-life objects into framed art works, its simply shapes them into another kind of object, part ritual, part toy, suggesting that "art" is simply a matter of the purpose to which everyday things are put.

There are bound to be other people working on similar lines. With their coming, psychedelic art outgrows its reactionary adolescence of camp, culture heroes, pot plants, joints and roaches, its association with the urban scene of rock dances and commercial advertising, and its role as an instrument of generation warfare. It begins to give substance to all the surface dabblings in mystical imagery and Oriental forms, and it becomes a truly synthesizing art-life form, which, in theory, it was always supposed to be.

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## ONE OF THE RAT-RACE RUNNERS

—Continued from Page 8

"The motivation, as usual, like in publishing, is bread," he commented. "I said to myself, 'Where is it in the record business for a producer. You're as good as your last record, period. Suppose it all stops. Where can I go for some financial security that would be tangible, not the abstraction called the song. As a publisher it takes a long time to develop a catalogue that's substantial that could provide you with an income in case anything else went bad for you.' And from that year forward I began collecting equipment. This studio is not just something I bought."

The technical arguments that rage over whether an 8-track machine is cleaner than a 4-track, don't really interest Jerry ("I don't care if there's hiss and noise, as long as the record feels good—with the exception of an obvious defect"). In his opinion, the 8-track machine was developed for the groups ("they need the open tracks to sync up because they can't play very well"), and he personally would prefer recording on mono ("and catch the whole thing right on the date").

Jerry is also an enthusiastic boost-

er of composer/arranger/producer Burt Bacharach. "I first heard of Burt in Philadelphia, when a publisher brought in some demos, back in my Chancellor days. I remarked to Al Stanton (now with A&M), 'I don't know who this guy is, but he's really got it!' To me it was the freshest material I'd heard, and he stood out like a sore thumb. Burt is the freshest writer in 25 years and he is the first one that expanded the idiom and made it mean something. He broke the 32-bar prison."

Smiling somewhat ruefully when asked about his plans for the future, Jerry replied, "My activities are so wide spread, suddenly I have people working for me, and the time consumption that comes from me is enormous. But what I would like to do ultimately, if there was any kind of dream, is side-step a lot of this stuff that hangs me up in time that isn't involved directly with creativity. When you are strictly in the creative bag, and there is nothing else, then maybe you will have the time to think about what you really want to do. I'm in the rat race, that's what it really is. Never thought I'd be, but here I am, one of the runners."

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